

THE POEMS

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The Poems by David Moore

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DAVID MOORE

THE POEMS

THE

➤ P O E M S ➤

— OF —

➤ DAVID * MOORE ➤

FIRST EDITION.

WAPPINGERS FALLS, N. Y.
FRED W. CORSON, THE CHRONICLE PRINT.

1886.

MRS

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

IN PRESENTING this little volume of Poems to the public, the Author will not seek to extenuate the imperfections which they may contain, but would simply state that they have been written under the most adverse conditions.

Amid the rush and roar of steam in front of the huge boilers, ready, at his post, to feed the greedy flames which devour the shining coal as fast as it can be thrown to them, as they, in turn, by generating steam, feed and set in motion all the whirling machinery of the vast hive of busy workers.

Here, day after day, year after year, from boyhood up, the Author has spent his time in toil, and here the gentle Muse has deigned to stay her dainty, lingering steps, and whisper to him of other scenes,—of flowers that bloom, and birds that sing, of rippling streams, and dewy meads, and all the varied beauties of Nature,—and he, listening to her voice, has sought to weave all into poetry and song.

He does not expect nor desire to escape the criticism which he may deserve, but in presenting these few poems, crude though they may be, he will cheerfully abide by whatsoever decision his readers may see fit to render.

THE AUTHOR.

WVX 19 FEB '36

* P O E M S . *

MAY MUSINGS.

Here, on this slope, where the sweet-scented flowers
Are nodding their heads in the breezes of May.
Reclining, I muse, while the joy-freighted hours,
Are dreamily, drowsily, passing away.

Grand is the view which before me uprises
Of stern, rugged mountain, and green sloping plain.
The eye is delighted with pleasant surprises,
And seeks for new beauties, and seeks not in vain.

Here, Nature has strewn her most beautiful treasures,
Her richest possessions are clustering here,
And bright-plumaged songsters trill their sweet measures,
Which ring through the grove, and vibrate on the ear.

Here the blue violets of Spring grow the fairest,
The grass springs the greenest, the daises bloom best;
Here can be seen both the richest and rarest
Of sunsets, when "Sol" has descended the West.

The low, gentle murmur of cool waters falling,
Comes echoing up, thro' the green leafy lanes,
Brown bees are humming, and birds softly calling,
And Nature looks fresh since the soft, gentle rains.

Down through the green boughs the sunlight is showering
And weaving fantastic designs on the ground,
While through the great pines so loftily towering
The South wind is whispering with heart-cheering sound.

The bleating of lambs from the hill-side is floating,
Up from the vale comes the lowing of kine,
A boy in yon field is steadfastly ploughing,
And marking his furrows as straight as a line.

His song gushes out like the lark's in the meadow,
Health glows on his cheek, and fire beams in his eye.
His life is in sunlight, with no hint of shadow,
Thus far the dark angel, Despair, has passed by.

Ah! could he examine my heart's written pages,
And see the deep marks that are graven thereon,
Could he but know how a fierce passion rages,
On his lips would his song die, ere well begun.

The well spring of love in his bosom is swelling,
Some fair maid, perhaps, has smiled sweetly on him,
Strange, sweet emotions within him are welling,
Uprising, like froth that must rise to the brim.

But ah! bitter thought, I have done this before him,
My heart has been quivering with love's ardent fire;
I basked for a while in the light of her glances,
And wondered what more could a mortal desire.

But now, I know well how she played on my heart-strings,
Those quivering tendrils which thrilled 'neath her gaze;
And still, after years, I can feel the sharp stings
Which were planted in here, in life's early days.

*GIOVANNI'S BELLS.**A Legend of the "Bells of Limerick."*

Down from the verdure-covered steep,
Where the purple shades of evening sleep,
Down through the vale where Como lies,
Like a jewel dropped from the azure skies ;
Down from the convent's gloomy tower,
Came the vesper chimes, at the twilight hour,
Floating along on the perfumed air
Which seemed to abide forever there.

Down through the drifts of tossing trees,
Their music rode on the wanton breeze ;
Sweet as the notes the angels hymn,
Sweet as the songs of the seraphim ;
Quivering, trembling, in their flight,
Over the waters so still and bright,
Over the hills on the distant shore,
Their harmony fell, in the days of yore.

Ever at morn', when the sun arose
And flashed its light on the Alpine snows,
And flooded the vale where Como dreams,
Kissed and caressed by its golden beams,
The bells rang forth their matin chimes,
Blending and melting to Runic rhymes ;
Those wondrous bells Giovanni's power
Had forged to be hung in the convent tower.

Ever at eve, when the sun sank low,
And the shadows stretched o'er the lake below,
And the birds of song, with their silken plumes,
Went to their nests in the scented blooms,
Those quaint old bells, from the heights above,
Sent down greetings of peace and love ;
And old Giovanni walked below,
While the night winds played with his locks of snow.

High on a ledge his villa stood,
While 'round reigned deepest solitude ;
Unbroken, save the owl's hoarse cry,
Or by the lake's sweet lullaby.
Under the trees, with upturned face
He walked, with slow and solemn pace,
Rapt, by the strains which fell so clear,
From the gray old tower to his list'ning ear.

Here alone, in sequestered ease,
 He lived, in the shade of the spreading trees ;
 Happy to think that the bells on high
 Should ring *his requiem*, when he came to die ;
 Happy to think that, at close of day,
 Down from the tower, so old and gray,
 Should float his *angelus*, loved so well,
 O'er the silvery lake and the slumb'ring dell.

" They are my children," he oft' would say,
 To the weary stranger who passed that way,
 And paused for an hour in the sultry heat,
 Neath his arbor vines, where a rustic seat
 Was ever in waiting to offer rest,
 To those whom travel had sore oppressed.
 " They are my children, and I love
 To hear them ring from the heights above."

"Beautiful bells,
 Beautiful bells,
 Sweetly your echoes
 Float o'er the dells.
 Over the mountain and over the plains
 Over the fountains,
 And over the fells,
 Beautiful, beautiful,
 Beautiful bells,
 Sweet o'er my soul your harmony swells."

Such was the scene on Como's shore,
 In the times of peace, in the days of yore ;
 Such was the scene in that peaceful vale,
 When over the sea came the ruthless Gael ;
 Over the sea, with a vast array
 Of warriors, armed for the deadly fray.
 Flushed with a hundred battles won,
 In every clime, 'neath every sun.

Thrilled by the praise their deeds would ring,
 From their august Lords, and warrior King ;
 Tried by their campaigns on the Rhine,
 Tried by their wars in Palestine,
 Tried by their conflicts on the soil
 Nourished and fed by the mighty Nile,
 And the great Lualaba, broad and wide,
 Which rolls its flood to the Atlantic's tide.

On every plain vast armies met,
 And spire, and dome, and minaret,
 Went down before the whistling shell,